University of Alberta Library
0 1620 2789965 5

50c. per copy

CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE

ESTABLISHED 1936

PS
8273
C512
v.20:
no.2
1956/1957

Augustana

No. 2 TORONTO, ONT. WINTER — 1956-57

EX LIBRIS
UNIVERSITATIS
ALBERTENSIS

CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE

VOLUME 20

No. 2 — Winter — 1956-57

Published by

THE CANADIAN AUTHORS ASSOCIATION

Toronto, Ontario

Canada

AUGUSTANA LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

Canadian Poetry Magazine

A quarterly magazine, published by the Canadian Authors Association for the encouragement and development of Canadian verse. Annual subscription, $2.00; single copies 50 cents. Verse published in the Magazine will be paid for at the rate of 1 cent a word with a minimum of one dollar. The Magazine shall have first publication rights only; the copyright will remain with the author. Verse published elsewhere will not be accepted for publication. If return of manuscript is desired, a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed. **Only Canadian stamps are acceptable. Contributors from U.S.A. and other countries should use International (or Imperial) reply Coupons.** Individual criticism of verse submitted cannot be undertaken. Address, Business Manager, "Canadian Poetry Magazine", 46 Wellesley St. West, Toronto, 5 Canada.

Patrons of poetry are reminded that we pay for all poems printed, and are grateful for donations to defray the expense of this policy.

Manuscripts should be mailed to The Editor, Leo Cox, P.O. Box 821, Postal Station "B"—Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

Printed by Quality Press Limited, Montreal.

FOUNDATION SUPPORTERS

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that a magazine such as this is not a profit making venture: It is published by The Canadian Authors Association for the encouragement of poetry in Canada and its continued appearance is only made possible by the generosity of its Foundation Supporters.

Contributions are needed and would be very welcome.

The Editor and The Management Committee

Canadian Poetry Magazine Donors
1957

E. D. Arnold
E. P. Taylor
Mrs. Douglas G. Henderson
Lady Flora Eaton
Hon. Cairine R. Wilson
The Grolier Society
Ethel Kirk Grayson
Mrs. Lorraine Gould
Mrs. Amabel King
Miss Mazo de la Roche
Mrs. Marjorie Freeman Campbell
Arthur S. Bourinot
Mrs. Ethel MacDougall
Mrs. Fox Hutchinson

Toronto Branch Poetry Group

Montreal Branch Poetry Group

Miss Margaret Church

Leo Cox — Mrs. Jean Beatty

CONTENTS OF WINTER 1956-57 EDITION

Poetry as . . . "A Fragrance of Experience"
Winnipeg — *Miriam Waddington*
The Season Mars — *Vernal House*
New-Minted — *Catherine Bankier*
The North Water — *Julia Grace Wales*
Transfiguration — *Elizabeth Garbutt*
The Old Gardener — *Elizabeth Garbutt*
To a Child Dead One Hundred Years—*Christopher G. Dafoe*
Epitaph — *Louis Ginsberg*
Five Eagles — *Freda Newton Bunner*
Lament — *Margaret Hurdon Keifer*
Stars — *H. F. Dougher*
Diapason of Spring — *Bernice Ames*
Perfection — *G. M. Williams*
Metamorphosis — *Guy Priest*
Chapel in the Woods — *Lawrence P. Spingarn*
English Lane — *Clara Hill Maunsell*
Dedication — *Elfreida Read*
Rondeau — *Fred Cogswell*
Broken Cathedral — *Willis Eberman*
If Patience Dies — *J. R. G. Adams*
Coins in the Wind — *Willis Eberman*
Autumn Day — *Rainer Maria Rilke*
Housing Development — *Miriam Waddington*
Going Away and Coming Back — *Wiriam Waddington*
Ginevera de Benci — *Margaret Stanley Wrench*
Sauchieburn — *Landreth E. Leaper*
The Speakers — *Landreth E. Leaper*
Love is of Eternity — *Margaret Harvey Wilton*
My Pyramid of Years — *Ellen Scowcroft*

The contents of this Quarterly are indexed in The Canadian Index, published by The Canadian Library Association.

CANADIAN
POETRY
MAGAZINE

Winter 1956-57
VOLUME 20 - - NUMBER 2

Committee:
EDITOR - - - - - LEO COX
P.O. Box 821, Postal Station B, Montreal, P.Q. Canada
Associate: - Dr. V. B. RHODENIZER, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.
Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

POETRY AS "... A FRAGRANCE OF EXPERIENCE".

"... poetry ... comes somewhere near capturing in a net of words one of those powerful, evanescent moments of happiness or pain. After all, a word is only a sound, and the relationship between that sound and an experience is very artificial and arbitrary. Look up the poet's words in the dictionary, and you will find that the meanings there given do not total the poet's; he has *added* to their meanings by emotional overtones, so that in some cases you follow the accretions of meaning which successive poets have added to words. But always in the poetry itself is a fragrance of experience which the poet alone has been able to capture, though we recognize it as also our own."

—from "Dialogues of Alfred North Whitehead," as recorded by Lucien Price (Little, Brown & Company) 1954.

WINNIPEG

1.

Succour the deviant bees,
Call home the fertilizing winds
At whose behest
The tassels of the coarse-leaved corn
Stiffen and soften and earthwards turn;
The green keys of the maple trees
Spread their gauzy mandrake wings
And flutter downwards only to litter these
Same wide untinselled streets.

Selkirk's ghost straightens his long legs
And stretching, holds up the trolley tracks,
He yawns the whole length of east to west,
And over him the city flexes and near founders.
In earth's bowelled muscles forty feet beneath
Live unperceived these heresies:
Dry pocket, drought, uncertain nature.

2.

Accept these alien fields,
The harvesting machine and flamed horizon;
More painful than such skies are sunsets
Melodious as parents' foreign tongue.
Hear the crows trumpeting
While brown thrushes warm lie
In strawy creek-bed and the maggots swarm
Over lank fish-heads littering the shore.

Deny the flood, permit no blame to fall
On darling rivers, Red or Assiniboine;

It was Merlin drew the wrong Excalibur
Wakening a troubled British ghost,
Or some Scotch lover keening in the flats
Above Kildonan wooed this chaos down.
Transient woodsmen heaved our trees
Rooted from rightful earth, farmers cut the sod
And severed jewelled roots which cleaved
Earth from its lawful crust.

Now dusts eddies in the wind,
And the bald roads blink
Their emptiness, no one stands, laments
In ghostly lostness,
No voice cries return.

— *Miriam Waddington.*

THE SEASON MARS

Some seed the birds devour,
And some the season mars . . .
A. E. Housman.

He who is hesitant at the threshold
Of haunted hearts, a coward pretender
Pleading the trustful trees to enfold
His guardian caution, no longer his defender,
Goes nightlong now where myths are spun
To build a tunnel of warmth and light,
Safe from the tempest of time and mushroom sun
And the fierce quivers of blistering blight.

He who is weary of learning, bares no mind
To the jargoning wise, the clamorous swarm
Who juggle the citadel thought to find
A starry fountain of words devoid of form.
The dry river-bed of his eye discens no orifice
Wherethrough a sybil of a saint unfrees
Even a hadful measure of emptiness
Or quells the stillness of the prudent trees.

He who is crouched in wells of stone
Where light comes only from the glassy dead,
Where airless weeps the wombless bone
And cribbed in anarchy his head,
Yet goes from night to neverending night,
Uncharted by the traitor stars,
His nerve-taut unsymmetric flight,
Unknowing how the slayer season mars.

— *Vernal House.*

NEW-MINTED

Little girl in rubber boots
Tugging at the mandrake roots,
Climbing up the knowledge tree
With a casual skinned knee,
Scanning constellated skies
With bright stars in both your eyes;
Little girl so brisk and new,
Universes dance for you.

— *Catherine Bankier.*

THE NORTH WATER

For once in the vocal year, the rapid was silent —
To children waking at morning a reversal of nature,
To their elders, only the coming of "the north" water.
Its white foam gone, brimming, limpid, still,
The river turned backward, flooding its flats,
Pouring up into its creeks, widening under its bridges,
Till in midstream familiar trees stood strange.
For out through longer reaches a greater river was lifting.

Out of the hills, out of the snows, came down
The north water — far-borne, gathered from ranges vaster
Than the rivulet's sources, from far-off arteries
Of great waters, fructifying the meadows
Recipient as the lands of the hungry ages
Silted and seeded from Aonian hills.

— *Julia Grace Wales.*

TRANSFIGURATION

He stood
Beneath the stars
Listening to the music
Of the silence
Echoing through the lonely night.
As Orion hunted his quarry
Across the sky
The long green fingers of the pine
Caressed the darkness.

Then he, whose life
Was almost spent,
Thrilled by mlsterious beauty
Of familiar things,
Hid stolen starlight in his heart,
And slept.
He dreamed of flight
Through poignant splendour
Of the stars
To the unimagined splendour
Of God's infinity

Dream-held and dream-released
He went Beyond.

— *Elizabeth Garbutt.*

THE OLD GARDENER

My gardening done, I went to rest
In the pulseless void of the autumn earth ,
Unmindful of either joy or sorrow
In the timeless land of no tomorrow.
I did not know that quickening roots
Would quiver, and stir my quiet dust;
The heart-throb of lilacs reach through the ground;
The coming of Life in spring be profound;
That the hurrying grass which was greening my grave
Would whisper, "Forsythia's all aflame;"
That the daffoldils' yellow blaze of light
Would illumine oblivion's silent night.
But my spirit waked when buds unfolded
And exultantly rose on the April breeze,
For wonder and beauty unlocked the tomb
When Easter lilies burst in bloom.

— *Elizabeth Garbutt.*

TO A CHILD DEAD ONE HUNDRED YEARS

In the dark
under the headstone
a child lies
waiting for the earth
to foam,
erupt,
and drag him breathing
from his turning prison.

In the dark
under the headstone,
worn thin
by a century of grief,
a child waits
to be plucked
weeping
from the lifeless
womb
into the mist
and terrible clouds
of a strange
new world.

The matted grass
choking the headstone
over the sunken,
spinning prison
smothers him,
the moving roots
of trees
pierce
his earth-worn flesh
but blood will flow

and his waiting heart
will move again.

He knows
no time,
this child
of the changing earth.
There were no games
in the sunlight
of the green century
past —
forgotten now in a whirl
of darkness.
Only the turning
of the careless earth
bearing its child
through shadows
to a violent birth.

Christopher G. Dafoe

EPITAPH

Behind the sanitarium bars,
You longed for sunlight and the stars,
For happiness when you were young,
And loveliness you moved among.

Caged in your eyes, was grief unspoken;
Your spirit, bound there, was unbroken.
Your spirit grew the wings to fly
But years absconded with your sky.

But now that you are lying under
All of earth's loveliness and wonder,
With evening spangled, morning pearled,
You wear the beauty of the world.

Louis Ginsberg.

FIVE EAGLES

Five eagles chained along the beach
A hundred feet or more apart,
Each has a hutch, and perch, and each
A broken heart.

They hear the songs of nesting birds
Deep in the woods behind the shore;
They see, above the restless waves,
The free gulls soar.

Each captive sits upon his perch
Dull-eyed, and makes no sound nor stir.
They might be dead birds, stuffed for show—
I wish they were.

— *Freda Newton Bunner,*

LAMENT

Khaki oak leaves thickly lie
Trodden in November rain;
In the spring young leaves will shine;
He will never come again.

Nevermore will his glad laughter
Break the autumn quietude;
Cold and still the snow falls after,
Still as death that follows feud.

Margaret Hurdon Keifer

STARS

In magical, pale beauty they
Float through the fields of Heaven, turn
Like ballet dancers, wildly gay,
Twinkle, revolve and brightly burn
How many lonely miles away!

Oh, light that shines upon this beach
Shone once on Nineveh and Tyre!
We cry our wonder, each to each,
Grown more than mortal who aspire
To something lovely, out of reach.

— H. F. Dougher.

DIAPASON OF SPRING

When ground grows pliable beneath
Persuasion of spring rain
And lusty seedlings burst their sheath
To web the hills in vein
Of green, a dulcet tremolo
Of water soothes the wild
Young wind; melodic breezes blow
Andante-slow and mild.

On every small rain-lacquered limb
The buds, allegro, swell.
In tempo of an evening hymn
Field grasses wave farewell
To winter quiet, sway and sweep
Through burrows wet with sound
That every pushing root will keep
Growing in the ground.

— *Bernice Ames*

PERFECTION

While time and space project my life in doubt,
I know of one firm, timeless truth.
This love amidst the chaos still stands out
Supreme, and forms a pattern there.
Perfection has been found, a thing so rare
That all disorder must step down
And fall into its proper resting-place,
The senses meeting only grace
And order, pure transcendent beauty, love,
And forms of symmetry and hue
So perfect — this, now I have come to you.

— *G. M. Williams.*

METAMORPHOSIS

Baffin: Winter & Summer

This is a land of twilight and dark
  Where no bird sings,
Where raven's wings
  Cleaving the stark
Silence thresh like the flails the glacial air:
  Where startling querulous cry
Hurled between mountain peaks
  Holds in its challenge a strain
Of madness, as though this frozen solitude
  Had seared the brain . . .

This is a land of midnight sun:
  Barren, black — yet flowering
Suddenly above the wrack
  Of Atlantic's flowing:
A garden of Nature's sowing
  Come to birth —
Pink, yellow, blue, vermilion, red,
  Carpeting with colour
These once bare rocks which lie
  Ardent and warm now
Under a gigantic sunflower
  Trundling across the sky.

— *Guy Priest.*

CHAPEL IN THE WOODS

Walking in autumn woodlands once, I came
Upon a chapel built from native stone.
The crippled priest within it prayed alone.
His tears were amber (but his eyes were flame).
His toothless gums were ugly with my name.
His voice was mine. He urged me to atone
For pampered nights with feasting overgrown
And costly women he could never claim.
I mocked his tears. He bowed his head in shame.
My luxury had stripped him to the bone.
And then dry leaves in measured monotone
Danced for the priest whose shrunken feet were lame.
Yet only he limped homeward from that cell
Where flame and amber bind me in his spell.

— *Lawrence P. Spingarn.*

ENGLISH LANE

From wayside elm the gold leaves circling fall;
I hear the brown thrush sing at morning hour,
One blood-red poppy for a last wild flower,
Serenity of hawthorn hedge, and all
My griefs are lost in peace; skylarks enthrall
With latent loveliness of tone, the power
Of England over me today, the dower
Of beauty round about me now will stay
When moments hang a weight upon my mind
And life moves heavily. From here I take
A strange, sweet singing of the waiting soul.
Thankful am I that I have come to find
Such solace. Soon my dream the church-bells shake.
Back to my other life I go, made whole.

— *Clara Hill Maunsell.*

RONDEAU

In songs we love the words disclose
The seed of fear that in us flows
From out the heart, that leafs each vein
And buds and blossoms in the brain
With spines to prick our calm repose.

O right the first true poets chose
the thorny sweetness of the rose
To live from age to age again
In songs we love.

The rose of death within us grows,
And that is why we love the rose:
As oysters close their pearls on pain,
So o'er our sharp-thorned fears again
We feel the crimson flower close
In songs we love.

— *Fred Cogswell.*

DEDICATION

Let me pour out the world in the running lines of my life.
Let me absorb the chill splendour of dawn,
The warm benediction of sunset,
The smell of green seas, and the eagerness in the eyes of children,
And let all this richness be given out again in the rhythmical
strength of my labour,
In the triumph of a new pattern in harmony.
Let the energy that consumes the heavenly giants sweep through me
And emerge with a new song and a new singing
Leaving me broken and magnificently exhausted.
Let me be the fountain-structure, through which water is
translated into glory.

— *Elfreida Read.*

BROKEN CATHEDRAL

They're cutting the forest from my door,
The forest that I love.
Gone from the sky are the limbs that soar;
Gone to the mill and the stove.

All day the loggers work in the rain;
I hear the crack and the fall
Of the trees; and my heart is torn with pain,
Seeing this sacred wall,

This emerald cathedral broken. —
I watch from the windows here,
Hoping that I might soon awaken,
To find the forest near.

— *Willis Eberman.*

IF PATIENCE DIES

I stare beyond the chrome of stars
That mock the plutocrats on tour,
And see, within the craft of cars,
The camel patience of the poor.

Let green oases quench the sand,
For mirage-hope let men endure;
Might may commend, but not command,
The plight-bound patience of the poor.

Will knowledge, progress, wealth and peace
That men and nations would ensure —
Each Jason with his golden fleece —
Expunge the patience of the poor?

— *J. R. G. Adams.*

COINS IN THE WIND

This cottage that I love is growing old,
And I along with it;
Yet sometimes in the dusk, kept dreams unfold:—
When lamps are lit

I see again the eager youth I was,
And hope his hopes again,
And smile: (This mellow ghost still holds his cause,
Heightened by pain.)

These rooms are altered since death came and went;
The low lamps have been trimmed.
Now half the golden years are nearly spent:
Coins in the wind.

And you are still beside me, while the flame
Vaults high within the grate.
And loveliness endures, though youth and fame
Disintegrate.

— *Willis Eberman.*

AUTUMN DAY

From the German of
Rainer Maria Rilke.

Lord: it is time. Summer was very great.
Spread your shadow on the sun-dials,
and in the fields release the winds.

Command the last fruits to be full;
let them still have two southerlier days,
and urge them towards perfection, chase
the last sweetness into heavy wine.

Who has no house now will build none of his own.
Who is alone now will long remain alone,
will wake, and read, and write long letters
and restlessly pace up and down
in avenues where dead leaves are blowing.

— *Translated by K. W. Maurer.*

HOUSING DEVELOPMENT

There stood a grove of trees
Where this apartment stands,
There leaped a wall of light
Where darkness laps my hands;

Not that I mourn the death
Beyond deserved regret
Of great Elizabeth,
Of Herbert and Wyatt —

Though I mourn that time
Cannot to flesh restore
Their mortal bones, or lime
Transform their less to more.

I recognize that queens
And Phaeton's golden cars
Are images, their screens
Myopic, distant stars.

Now spirrels, moles and mice
Inhabit indoor runs,
While civilized the ice
Filters urban suns

Across the snowsuit joys
Of open-mouthed naive
Passive girls and boys;
They cannot conceive

That the blindered horse
And lively snorting truck
Which plough the snowy course
Plough with planned good luck,

Or that some other hand
Set here a grove of trees,
That Jason oceans spanned
To find the golden fleece.

— *Miriam Waddington*

GOING AWAY AND COMING BACK

Coming back is not like going away.
Going away the world is all in darkness,
We tremble to be born at the brink.
Coming back, light is everything,
We know what we have learned, what we mean;
How mothers bound the daughters
And sons were free in choice to come or go;
If winter brought the snow
It was not certain spring would fall in rain.

The stiff austerity of forsythia's bloom,
The willow pollarded, the flood well in control,
The milkman's daily truck, Ontario's farm —
Nothing assures us, who must draw sustenance
Not from these many orchards, but the reality
Of the single tree, a kind of syllabus
Which speaks profoundly to us,

Usually in daylight, often through windows,
And most to me in bare uncluttered rooms.

— *Miriam Waddington.*

GINEVERA DE' BENCI

A portrait by Leonardo da Vinci

In the resinous breath of pines, the tingling air
Stinging with scent of rosemary bruised by the sun
She stands, spring at her back. Brittle as metal
Her glinting hair taps on a cheek cool and calm as a stone.

Look, her remote, indifferent glance, the hooded
Evasive stare of a young hawk, drifts away
Beyond the juniper's sharp green constellations,
Crystaline needless of darkness, frost-flakes of umberous shadow

On which her glittering brightness, her stone stillness
Repose, reflect, and are like light renewed.
Look now, and feel the pluck, the drag of birth,
The prick and agony of life to the dead veins flowing.

In the blood now throb five centuries of spring,
The strange, warm change, the white intensity
Of light that flays, sunlight that exposes
More than a word can tell, or the mortal heart contain.

— *Margaret Stanley-Wrench.*

SAUCHIEBURN

The sonata falls in shifting surfaces.
The night is solitary, with no star:
and a stillness of sculpture veils
the curtain of roses held in the hand.
Yet the song is not destroyed, the saint
is not lost in the carven rhythm,
without winning his sacred movement.
In the heights of moorland by the tumbling winds,
in the high cliff where a child
sleeps from weariness, the night
holds its pure mystery in ribboned hands.
The last light was afraid
of the restless water. And torn woodlands
holding the past, make delicate the time
that was harsh, and childhood watches the sky
flood ruby to the seed. To the dark loneliness
where is the hesitant smile comes the clarity
of the heart; to the dark loneliness,
where even the shadow is created from glass,
the crystal hours come.

— *Landreth E. Leaper*

THE SEEKERS

When the riverwater is a descending scent
And the torrents of trees in secret are bent;
When only the miraculous contour is seen,
A tide as dark as skies that sombrely lean:

They come here still — they move in time
With exiled steps, an echo in mime;
And carmine images and spinning songs
Lie prisoners in their eyes. Their spirit longs.

— *Landreth E. Leaper*

LOVE IS OF ETERNITY

It is quiet on this western shore
and there is quiet in my heart
as I have not known
for many months.

From somewhere far across the moonlit sea,
evan as the strange resistless tide
comes, bearing in its arms eternal power,
you speak to me
as clearly as you used to speak
when years ago, we walked the sands
beside another sea.

We held the hours in our hands
as children treasure coloured stones
for the sheer joy of having.

We loved. The wonder of it
wrapped us round in gossamer of silver
and held us close —
a sacred world within a world.
The waves that broke like crystal at our feet;
the wind that tossed our hair;
the gulls wheeling and crying, and crying,
knew not a rapture like to ours.
Simply as a child with glad surprise
each gave his love to each.
For love is not the getting, but the giving.
Love is in the loving, not the being loved.

Then came that day
when I was all alone.
So suddenly you left
I could not see my way,

and all the hours since have been strange and
silence-filled,
But here with hearts that know, I have a new content.
All the universe is mine —
past, present, and what is to be;
seen, unseen, heard, unheard,
and all that has been, is.
This morning in the hush before the dawn
from out the woods a peewee called
and in that call I heard your voice,
and all day long
even as I brought up drift-wood from the beach
and when I gathered berries up beyond the woods,
I felt you near.

And then tonight in the splendour of the sunset hour
as I watched a lone gull flying, flying
slowly out to sea,
I knew you waited still.
For love is in the loving, not the being loved.
Love is of eternity
and eternity is now.

—*Margaret Harvey Wilton*

MY PYRAMID OF YEARS

Speak not of death
When I, my day's work done,
Have gone from mortal sight!
This pyramid of years
I build, one upon one,
May rise to splendid height,
Piercing the skies.
And I shall climb and stand
Upon the highest peak, sublime —
With groping hand
Will grasp infinitude and cling
And sing with Time.
Then all I ask
Is that my own
Familiar task,
So long ago begun,
Shall once again be placed
Within my hand, to carry on.

— *Ellen Scowcroft*

CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE
677 DUNDAS STREET WEST
TORONTO, ONTARIO

* * *

($2.00 a year — 50 cents a copy)

* * *

ENCLOSED FIND THE
SUM OF.....

Subscription to Canadian Poetry Magazine for.....year.

Commencing.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

Additional copies may be ordered
(While supply lasts)

3 for $1.00
6 for $2.00
10 for $3.00

Please mail your order and cheque, cash or postal order, directly to Quality Press Limited, P.O. Box 523, Montreal.

Notwithstanding
Technological progress
Publishers find
It more costly
To publish than ever.
And poets and authors
Are the disinherited children
Whom the magic
Of automation
And the gospel
Of Adam Smith
Has denied its blessing.

Says Aldous Huxley:
"If publishers
Can no longer afford
To manufacture and distribute
Worst Sellers, why
Shouldn't the job
Be done
By the Author?"

With this in mind
We solicit your Mss
Be it poem or novel
And will gladly quote
A low price
Within your reach (we hope)
No 'Vanity house' ours!
Just printers
Interested in such work.

QUALITY PRESS LIMITED
1030 St. Alexander St.
Montreal